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By FRANK P. MAO LENNAN.

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WIRE REPORTS.

OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of that great news organization, for the exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.

The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

MEMBERS:

Associated Press.

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Using prisoners for shields is the best possible evidence that Turkey's soldiers are sticklers for playing true to Turkish form and methods.

After thinking the matter over carefully, the New Orleans States has reached the conclusion that the lightweight champion of the United States is the family grocer.

In reaching the conclusion that no two pairs of jaws work alike, the Kansas dentists in convention assembled were evidently not taking into consideration their "rag-chewing" proclivities.

Anyhow, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., will connect with a neat little sum in witness fees because of his popularity as a witness with Chairman Walsh of the federal commission on industrial relations.

Italy's entrance into the war and the fighting she will do in Austria-Hungarian territory will also bring to the front another bunch of new and strange names for the war news enthusiasts to wrestle with and choke over.

According to the dentists, people with bad teeth are reluctant to smile for that reason. And the corollary of this deduction undoubtedly provides the chief reason why folk with good teeth, and especially the pretty girls so equipped, smile so much.

Here's a modicum of consolation for the people of the United States who have been told so much of late about their total unpreparedness for war. Colonel Goethals declares emphatically that the seacoast fortifications of this country are all right. And Colonel Goethals isn't given to talking through his hat on any subject.

In the temporary rearrangement of the personnel of the fire department whereby E. E. Babcock becomes its chief for a brief period, Mayor House has done no more than full justice to a city employee whose service has been faithful and efficient for many, many years. It is the righting of a wrong that should not have been committed.

As the Sioux City Tribune hits a nail on the head: Having the biggest navy in the world or the best army in the world doesn't avail anything when the good will and public sentiment of the world is on the other side. Nothing yet invented in the way of armament or political machinery can defeat a thoroughly aroused and thoroughly united public opinion.

Some of the rain, wind and hail storms that have visited Kansas of late have laid a heavy hand on individual farmers here and there, and the end is apparently not yet, and particularly in respect to floods that are threatening. But it can't be all sunshine and roses, or milk and honey even in Kansas. We must accept the bitter with the sweet. Too much of the latter might spoil us.

It would be interesting to know how the Italian soldiers handle their favorite macaroni and spaghetti while in the field. Imagine, if you please, the difficulties that a man would experience in loading up with a satisfying quantity of this stringy, wiggling stuff and only a bayonet to work with; and the war romancers, at least, insist that the bayonet is the only utensil available for a soldier in active service to use in conveying his food to his mouth.

AT FORTY.

One has reached a time of life when it is hardly one thing, the other, writes Robert L. Raymond in the June Atlantic, and he goes on: The past years have not been so many as to permit one to lay down his arms and retreat in quiet to the shade. It is still not too late to strive and perhaps to achieve. On the other hand so much dusty road has been traveled that if one finds it has not led him far on the way he meant to go, he can hardly delude himself with the fancy that he may yet go back and begin the journey anew. The pleasant sense of superfluous time is gone; one must hurry; and perhaps it is too late! Then comes the grief of perceiving the

waste, the loss, the utter futility of postponements. The world is full of good and wonderful things. What a wealth of potential experience and emotions; and time and opportunity for so little! And yet year after year one goes on blindly and blandly putting off to some more convenient or appropriate time, to that impossible period when all will be exactly right, things he wants to do and can do, a kind action, making a new friend, or altering a whole career! Once acquired, the habit of postponing persists. Hope springs eternal; and a man of forty finds himself counting complacently on some day taking up hunting, or entering politics or circling the globe.

Topeka's fire loss for 1914 was \$1.15 per capita, an excellent showing when compared with those of the larger cities in the country, but nothing much to wax enthusiastic over when set along side of Wichita's which is placed at \$0.82.

MURDER IN MEXICO IS MURDER.

Whenever an American citizen is slain in Mexico the excuse is glibly given and apparently as glibly accepted at Washington that his murder was the work of Mexican bandits. But isn't it reasonable to urge that it is as incumbent upon this country to protect its citizens from Mexican bandits of murderous bent as it is to protect them from the assaults of soldiers or officers of any of the several factions now doing military business in Mexico. As a matter of fact, the line of demarcation between a Mexican bandit and many of the leaders who claim to be in authority here and there in Mexico is such a fine one as to be almost indistinguishable.

Considering the burdens that the heavy rains have placed upon it, the more or less unreliable old Kaw has behaved pretty admirably so far and discharged its obligations unusually well. But this is no certain indication that it will continue to do so.

OUR NAVAL NEEDS.

There seems to be a pretty general agreement that the chief need of the United States to maintain its place of prominence in the world's arena, and to provide for its proper defense, is an adequate navy and efficient coast defenses. Colonel Goethals says that, generally speaking, we already have the latter. But an adequate navy doesn't necessarily mean a navy of tremendous size and mammoth units that cost all the way from \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000 each. One of the convincing lessons of the European war is that such a navy isn't worth the price. England has one. As to numerical and paper fighting strength, it is greater than the combined naval force of any other two nations. Huge as it is, though, enormous as is its latent power, it appears to be little better than totally impotent. About all it has accomplished so far has been to clean the seas of the few German cruisers, many of them auxiliaries, that were scattered here and there when the war began. Possibly, it could annihilate the German navy if it could meet it in a pitched battle. But the German navy hugs its base, which it protects with mines and coast defenses in such a preponderant way that the British navy hasn't attempted to dig it out. The British navy hasn't even been able to protect completely its home coasts from German naval raids, and it certainly seems helpless to cope with the submarine activities of its arch enemy. Its campaign in the Dardanelles has also been costly without getting anywhere in particular after weeks of fighting. So it would seem conclusive that a merely big navy of massive units is by no means the best navy. And when the time comes, as it will at the next session of congress, for the formulation of plans to develop our navy to proportions commensurate with the tasks it may have to perform, too much attention must not be given to the suggestions of the enthusiasts who seem to labor under the delusion that a big navy of large units is the only kind of a navy worth while.

With no Carnegie medals or pensions for dependents in sight for that variety of heroism, it is all the more remarkable that so many men will risk and occasionally lose their lives in efforts to save the lives of their pet dogs.

THE FIGHT AGAINST CANCER.

Ten years ago, it was found that tumors could be transplanted in mice. This discovery revolutionized the study of cancer. Great expectations were aroused and it was believed it was only a question of time until the problem of the cause and cure of malignant disease would be solved. That was a decade ago and some authorities believe that we are no nearer the facts today than we were then. In the case of cancer, any expectation of a single discovery solving the problem is more and more coming to be recognized as unwarranted. Cancer is not the knowledge of a single cause and cure of cancer. It seems now more likely that a steady reduction in the mortality from cancer will come about through the operation of many different factors. Of chief importance will be the application in many directions of a better knowledge of the conditions under which cancer arises, that is to say, a better knowledge of the immediate and remote causes of the disease. Chief among these is irritation. In the removal of all sources of chronic irritation and in prompt attention to conditions which

are now recognized as likely to result in cancer is to be found the only available means of actually preventing this disease. On the other hand, even when the development of cancer itself is prevented, it is capable of complete removal from the body resulting in a cure of the patient in a far larger number of cases than at present. To bring this about and to reduce the death rate from malignant diseases is the object of the present widespread campaign of education in regard to early symptoms and the need of prompt recognition and surgical treatment.

Journal Entries

A trouble-hunter is also usually a trouble-maker.

The man who is content is about as deeply in a rut as he can get.

Too many folk are "Safety First" enthusiasts only in respect to themselves.

Any number of men put in a lot of hours on their jobs without doing much work.

Maybe some folk consider betting a clincher for an argument because money talks so forcefully.

Jayhawker Jots

As the Hutchinson Wholesaler has noticed, some family trees should be pruned.

The Florence Bulletin holds to the belief that no girl should acquire a husband until she is able to convert a round steak into a square meal.

According to the Wellsview Globe, when a woman chooses her shoes for comfort and not for style, you may be sure she has passed middle age and doesn't care who knows it.

You can rail and swear at the English sparrow, says the Troy Chief, but if you had half as much pluck and ginger as the English sparrow, you would be better off.

Jim Marney of Rossville, has a new hatchet, points out the Leavenworth Labor Chronicle. They have more ships than the Turks have forts.

Yes, Clementine, answers the Leavenworth Labor Chronicle, the fact that it ought to be able to get around twice as well.

In swapping ships for forts at the Dardanelles, the Allies have the advantage, points out the Leavenworth Labor Chronicle. They have more ships than the Turks have forts.

By the time a feller finally finds out the best kind of fuel to use in his garage his furnace is worn out, and he has to start all over again.

There are worse habits than smoking cigars, undoubtedly, but I can't think what they are.

There ain't nobody as wise as a feller who has been to New York once.

A feller will kick about a '25-cent meat bill, will pay for \$25 automobile bill without a murmur.

I never see an expert checker player that could find time to make a success of anything else.

Pretty Soon Now.

Don't you hear the skeeters humming? Don't you feel the stifling heat? This humidity is fearful.

Always of heat in the street. How it melts 'neath the sun's rays. See the people fret and fume. Mouths open, eyes wide. "Is it not enough for you?"

Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

The Rebound.

A friend of mine has a son who is so emphatically a freethinker in matters of religion as to approach the broadmindedness which is intolerant and narrow in its resentment of anyone who is less tolerant.

The woman herself is a strict member of a strict set. She believes wholeheartedly in the things all the rest of the world who do not believe the same as she and her co-religionists are hopelessly mistaken. You can imagine how she regards her son's attitude. "It does seem so strange," she says, "that I should have a son like that."

The "I" is italicized because she has a certain rest from the fact that all people, I, who am such a strict believer in the one true religion."

As a matter of fact it seems to me that the people of all religions are predestined to have a son like that.

I don't doubt that her son's aggressive broadmindedness is nothing but a rebound from her aggressive narrow-mindedness.

Few people, I think, realize how strong the rebound tendency acts, especially in young people.

It is of course the natural thing to the opposite of the thing which is the cause of it. If you have learned to hate, but if you are a parent and you have a child whom you want to guide, you will find it the wisest thing to be too violent in your opposition.

Youth instinctively hates prejudice and it is apt to view as prejudice any opposition which declares against its object in season and out of season.

I have known young people, pretty good young people too, who seemed to snatch a certain rest from the fact that their fathers or mothers would be horrified if they could see them.

And I once knew a fine young man who had gotten into the habit of drinking partly because he resented his father's almost rabid hate of that vice.

The father had good reason to hate the vice but he would have done better not to be so violent against it. He spoke so wildly and took such an intolerant view of anyone who succumbed to the weakness that his son was not old enough and wise enough to winnow the wisdom from the intolerance, resented his father's attitude as a prejudice and reacted against it.

Of course, you fathers and mothers, you are burning with the desire to see the young people benefit of your knowledge of life, but remember, that is one of the most difficult tasks in the world. The transfusion of blood from one body to another is not half as easy as it seems. The transfusion of one mind to another.

If you want to succeed you must go about your task not with the intolerant fervor of a zealot, but with the tact and restraint of a diplomat.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

A violinist draws a salary, the fiddler plays for love.

The funniest thing about a stage comedian is his face.

There's nothing like leather—not even the numerical limitations.

It takes a noisy preacher to keep some men awake in church.

It matters not that the world is round if you are on the square.

Abuse the average man if you like; nobody considers it a personal affront.

Some men are born lucky and some are lucky to have been born at all.

When a young man proposes it is up to the girl to lose her self-possession.

A girl with an even temper is always extends the glad hand when she meets any of her friends.

It is harder for some men to slip upstairs at 2 a. m. than it is for them to slip down after they get halfway up.

On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOULTON.

Appearances.

You can't most always sometimes tell. What sort of stock will turn out well.

The horse that's got the handsome face Is not dead sure to win the race.

The sleepy mule that looks most sick Has always got the hardest kick.

The gink who comes in from the woods Delivers, oftentimes, the goods.

The woman with the eyes and hair Has seldom any brains to spare.

The finest looking' bill of fare With solid eats is seldom there.

The dapper chap with glossy tie Is short on dough though long on style.

The feller with the loudest talk Is sure, when duty calls, to balk.

Be from Missouri, 'tis as well; You can't most always sometimes tell.

Fanning a Weary Plowman.

The following letter, being circulated by a well-known student concern in this state, explains itself:

"Gentlemen: Would you care to examine into the merits of a fan attachment adapted to be used in connection with a walking plow?"

"The object of the invention is to provide a plow with an adjustment liberating fan which is actuated as the plow is carried through the field by a walking plow."

"The invention is of a simple and durable construction, is the property of a client of ours, and is protected by a pending U. S. patent. If interested we shall be pleased to submit a specification and drawings."

The next great invention should be an automobile plow which will allow the farmer to plow in the shade of the old apple tree or go to a picture show while his plow is running itself.

Uncle Abner.

Zeke Tootles, who left here nine years ago, has returned with a fine automobile and a roll that would choke a hippopotamus. Folks around here all believe he has been up to some wicked work or other. If you come back home a success, folks all have their suspicions, and if you come back home a failure they all holler. "I told you so."

Has the world doesn't know how the other half lives, and in fact the other half doesn't. It only exists.

By the time a feller finally finds out the best kind of fuel to use in his garage his furnace is worn out, and he has to start all over again.

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A MESSAGE TO THE POETS.

Ho! Birds of the passing ages, Awake from your idle dreams And sing while the world stands waiting The glory of morning beams.

Mankind was astrait at cock-crow, The poets were already dreaming, And sing while the world stands waiting The glory of morning beams.

That are waiting to be stormed.

Say not that our words are playthings And the poet must play with words: They will be the morning beams, Than the twitter of morning birds.

And with your puny pines Of the dilettante breed! Fight in the search of leaders With the courage and strength to lead.

Have done with the lutes that murmur In the chattering-halls of night, And wage the great harp and trumpets For a loftier grander fight.

Let the notes of your living epic, Ring clear, to the brave and strong And thunder the masters' message To the ranks of unconquered wrong.

While the boom of crashing cannons, The roar of the sea and the din, With the shrieks of the maddened dying From the bloody fields roll in.

Let your voice, like the winds and waters And the thunder of Apennines, Ring from the heights, storm-torn, Along the embattled lines.

Strike up your immortal measures; Let Apollo's sons not cease To lead the world's footed, To the heights of unending peace.

THEY WERE THE MORNINGS, HENRY W. ROBY, M. D.

Topeka, Kan.

The Evening Story

Miss Drew's Secretary.

(By Jeanne Kilby.)

Carlotta Drew pushed away the account books that littered her desk and sighed wearily.

"Oh, dear, I never can make these books balance," she panted. "I wish Miss Smith had not been so stupid or Miss Hart so slovenly. I simply can't get along without a secretary."

"I thought you advertised for one," observed her aunt and companion, Mrs. Marsh.

"I did, but there was not one answer that sounded well—they were all impossible."

"You might try one of the secretarial schools," suggested Mrs. Marsh, bending over her embroidery.

"I will—I must have some one at once."

Carlotta picked up the receiver and telephoned her wishes:

"Send along any one who is fairly intelligent," she waited at last.

"There," she said, looking anxiously at her aunt, "they are sending up a young man."

"A young man!" echoed Mrs. Marsh. "Are you crazy, Carlotta?"

"Only a desperate, Aunt Anna."

"I shall send him away again."

"Not until he has straightened out my accounts," she made them say that she would wait just four days instead of five hundred in the last month, and yet my checkbook shows I have overdrawn my account."

"What a nuisance!" sighed Mrs. Marsh. "You really ought to marry a good business man, my dear, some one who can look after you and your property."

"I met a man last year," Carlotta began, then biting her lips to keep back a secret she had not dared confess to any one but herself, she added, "I have spent just four dollars instead of five hundred in the last month, and yet my checkbook shows I have overdrawn my account."

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